



GUSSIE.

THE
ANGEL DAUGHTER.



Early, bright, transient,
Chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled,
And went to Heaven.—YOUNG.



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CHAPTER I.

HER EARLY CHILDHOOD.

“A goodly child.”—BIBLE.

WE have here attempted to portray the excellences of a life that was exceedingly beautiful:—a life full of purity, loveliness, and grace; a life unselfish and generous, truthful and earnest, guileless and good. A character so rare in its intellectual and moral developments, so early in its maturity, so saintly in its spiritual attributes, may seem to strangers to be clothed in the language of indiscriminating affection. Yet in its delineation we have studiously avoided exaggerated encomium. We have written “the words of truth and soberness.” We have designedly toned down the vivid coloring, in which the heart of weeping affection recalls the lineaments of

the cherished dead, lest it be thought an angel, and not a mortal, sat for a portrait so bright and glowing.

ELLEN AUGUSTA YOUNG was born in Eufaula, Alabama, May 26, 1843. Her father, Mr. William H. Young, was established in business in Apalachicola, Florida, at which place eight months in each year were spent by the family, until Gussie reached the age of eleven. When about four years old she became a member of the Sabbath School. Although unable to read, she never grew weary of hearing the simple language of the Catechism repeated to her, until its words were indelibly stamped upon her retentive memory. It was a source of childish delight to her, also, to learn those beautiful hymns whose strains of tender piety and pathos lingered in her mind, with all their store of sweet and joyous recollections, to the closing hour of her brief existence.

Burdened with the cares of a growing family, Gussie's mother had not time to devote

herself as she desired to her daughter's primary education. The eagerness of the child for knowledge was exhibited, however, in a pleasing manner. Amongst the servants of the household, was one who could read quite well. Much of her leisure time was spent in reading Sabbath School, and other appropriate, books to little Gussie. It was often necessary to interrupt those delightful hours, by calling the servant to the discharge of her domestic duties. Upon such occasions Gussie would exert all her slender efforts, with hearty cheerfulness, to assist her nurse in accomplishing the allotted task, in order that the congenial occupation of listening to her favorite books, might be the more quickly resumed. In Apalachicola there was no suitable school to which her parents could send their little daughter. Her education, therefore, was very imperfectly conducted until Gussie was nearly twelve years old, at which time her father became permanently settled near Columbus, Georgia. While her literary training was

comparatively neglected, however, her fond mother assiduously instilled into her youthful heart, those principles of piety which yielded so rich a fruitage in the maturing virtues of her Christian womanhood. From infancy she was noted for a singular tenderness of conscience; a deep sense of divine things; a solemn awe in the sanctuary; a sacred reverence for the Sabbath; a marked veneration for the word and worship of God.

Notwithstanding her want of early culture, through her own perseverance and fondness for reading, combined with the faithfulness of her nurse, at the age of ten, Gussie had learned to spell, and to read in words of two or three syllables. Her parents anxiously awaited the opportunity to place her where she would receive the advantages of a judicious and systematic scholastic training.

We have remarked her fondness for hymns. She sang often, mostly the little snatches of sacred song, which she had learned. Her taste for music developed itself at an early

period. Frequently her mother found her, at three or four years of age, seated alone, with a chair before her and a book upon it, arranged to imitate a Piano, engaged in fingering, as if she were performing a piece of music. These were the early indications of that fondness and capacity for music, which she subsequently cultivated to a degree of rare artistic excellence.

Her resources for happiness, even at an age so tender, lay almost wholly within herself. So guileless, so innocent, so joyous was her spirit, that she found in her own developing life, a well-spring of constant and serene enjoyment. As she was, for many years, the only daughter of the family, the ruder sports of her brothers were not congenial with her quiet tastes. Thrown much upon her own resources, she soon exhibited those traits of gentle thoughtfulness, which ripened into an earlier stability and sedateness of character than is usual in young persons of her age. Yet she was by no means morose or gloomy.

A more cheerful, happy temper was never seen. If her conduct was marked at times by a subdued pensiveness and a sweet gravity, there was yet an inexhaustible fountain of good humor, of pleasant thoughts, and of unfeigned happiness within her gentle bosom. Mrs. Young has assured us that she never knew Gussie to give way to an angry impulse; that she never heard her indulge in harsh, reproachful or abusive language.

Neatness was one of her most marked early characteristics. Cleanliness of person; tidiness of dress; orderly disposal of her childish affairs, distinguished her remotest childhood. Her mother often dressed her in pure white in the morning, charging her to keep her clothes unsoiled, and such was her implicit obedience, and love of cleanliness, that she would carefully avoid all sports, throughout the day, that would put a single spot upon her dress. Thus she would wear a nice white apron three days without soil or blemish. Observing

these traits, blended with her gentleness and purity, visitors called her "THE LITTLE ANGEL."

Her sensibilities were as acute as her attachments were intense. She shrank from everything rude, boisterous or forward. Her mother never found it necessary to reprove, much less to inflict upon her any punishment. When her little brothers fell under parental discipline, it grieved her tender heart in an agonizing manner. She wept over their punishments bitterly. By precept and example, she strove to bring them under her gentle sway, and sought to induce them constantly to do better.

We mentioned above the peculiar thoughtfulness of Gussie, as a child. In no other manner did this trait reveal itself more beautifully, than in her singular considerateness for her mother's comfort and happiness.—When she was but six years of age, she assumed the guardianship of her little brother, four years old. It was a source of glowing pride and pleasure to her parents to

observe her tender solicitude for him. She dressed and undressed him with her own hands; she fed him at his meals, arranging his napkin to prevent him from soiling his clothes; she laid him in his little bed, and sang him to his rosy rest with some simple melody, which she had learned from her mother's lips. Often did she steal away from her playmates to soothe his childish griefs. Some years later, when she had several little brothers, she would take them all under her charge, and when visitors called at the house, she would take them into some remote room, entertaining and amusing them, to prevent them from giving any annoyance to her mother. All these ministrations of affection were performed in the most unostentatious manner. Her whole subsequent life exhibited the same delicate reserve, the same unselfish concern for others, and the same obliviousness of self.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL LIFE.

—————"Every day
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm."—THOMSON.

At the age of nine, Gussie evinced such anxiety for musical instruction, and such aptitude for learning, that her mother, in the absence of a teacher, gave her lessons in the rudiments of the science. Her progress was encouraging. Her patient assiduity was nowhere better rewarded, than in her study of music. By her faithfulness and constancy, she laid the foundation for a brilliancy and exactness of musical execution, which many professional artists might have coveted.

When she arrived at the age of ten, her parents became much concerned about the imperfect state of her education, and secured a

governess to reside in the family. During six months Gussie received regular instruction, but the marriage of this lady, at the end of that time, again deprived her of a teacher.

One year after this period, Mr. Young decided to settle permanently at Beallwood, a beautiful and salubrious suburb of Columbus, Georgia, named in honor of the family of Mrs. Young. Immediate arrangements were made to send Gussie to a school in the city, under the charge of Mrs. Johnston, a lady of fine qualifications, and of thorough competency to train the young mind. We subjoin the following account of her early experiences in this institution, given substantially in her mother's words: "One week after she entered the school, I called on her teacher to learn what progress Gussie was making. I felt some anxiety for her, as she found it very difficult to memorize her night lessons, and seemed much troubled about her apparent dullness. These facts induced me to learn her teacher's honest opinion of my daughter's

capacity. I was distressed to learn from Mrs. Johnston, that all girls of Gussie's age were far in advance of her, and that she feared the child's mind would never be properly disciplined. I was comforted somewhat by the assurance that Gussie was faithful and persevering. Reproaching myself for this state of her mind, I determined to devote time and effort to assisting her with her studies. I was astonished at her rapid improvement. In a short time she acquired self-confidence, and exerted her energies to the utmost. I called again, in about six weeks. I was gratified to hear from her teacher that her progress had been so rapid, that she could now be classed with pupils of her age. Not only did she sustain herself in her new position, but she bid fair to outstrip her associates." From this time, her friends properly enough dismissed all anxiety as to her intellectual capacity. Her subsequent success, in securing the most admirable mental culture, justified their newly inspired assurance.

Gussie continued with Mrs. Johnston but two months. At the end of that period, a school was established in Mrs. Young's immediate neighborhood, and Miss Bailey, a northern lady, was secured as an instructress. The choice was judicious. The teacher proved capable and successful. Gussie commenced her studies in this school, and soon gained the approbation and love of her teacher, on account of her good scholarship and general loveliness of character. Miss Bailey often assured Mrs. Young that it was a pleasure to teach a pupil who was so faithful, and that, although she had more brilliant scholars than Gussie, yet she had never taught one who accomplished more, or who acquired more thorough and systematic insight into her various topics of study. Her conduct and progress were the theme of Miss Bailey's most enthusiastic praises.

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

“ O ! happy and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Whoe'er she be,
Whose early love
Makes haste to meet her heavenly spouse,
And close with his immortal kisses.”—CRASHAW.

Gussie's health was good from infancy until she reached the age of thirteen. At that period, she had an attack of measles, of a very malignant form, which seriously threatened to terminate fatally. She recovered, however, in about ten days. During her sickness her little brother, aged two years, died. His death affected her most powerfully. She refused to be comforted. It was feared that the intenseness and persistency of her sorrow would injure her health. A solemn and affecting interest attaches to this Providential visitation, because

it constituted a crisis in her spiritual history. We have spoken of the religious susceptibilities of her nature, and of their early development in reverence for sacred things, in the simple offices of childlike faith and piety, in the purity, gentleness and innocency of her life and conduct. She had always loved the Sabbath, with its holy quiet, and its blessed privileges of worship and instruction. She had always been a prompt, attentive pupil of the Sunday School. To her the Bible had ever been a book, whose teachings affected her mind with a pious awe and veneration. Immediately after the death of her little brother, the gracious motions of the Holy Spirit awakened her impressible mind to new and deeper thoughts of divine things. Her mother observed a deepening seriousness of demeanor, an increasing sympathy with the kindlings of God's grace within her yearning soul. The struggle which no eye can see, save His alone who is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," was already begun. Alone

she sought after God. She read her Bible devoutly and constantly. She grew graver and more thoughtful. One Sabbath morning, especially, she seemed profoundly affected.—The whole time, until the family set out for church, she spent in weeping and reading her Bible. In that season of conflict she settled the destiny of her future. God strengthened the child with an inward strength of lofty faith and holy purpose. During a searching discourse, delivered by Rev. A. M. Wynn, from Matt. vi, 19—22, she seemed much agonized. When, at the close of the sermon, the door of the church was opened for the reception of members, she timidly asked her mother's permission to join, declaring that she felt it to be her duty to take this momentous step. She did not profess a change of heart at that time, but seemed to act under a simple sense of her solemn responsibilities to God. She became more cheerful after this act of consecration, but very reflective, diligently reading the Holy Scriptures, and strictly attending to

those religious duties imposed upon her by her new relations. A favorite mode of spiritual enjoyment with her, at this period of her life, was to sing, in concert with her mother, those hymns with which she was familiar, at the close of the day, when the silence of the night lent additional charms to their soothing and inspiring sentiments. Amongst the tenderest reminiscences of the unforgotten past, is the recollection, in the home of her childhood, of these delightful reunions.

About the first of March, 1856, her health having sufficiently recovered from the effects of her attack of measles, she resumed her studies in Miss Bailey's school. Two months later a revival of religion began in the Methodist church in Columbus. The whole community was profoundly moved. It pervaded all classes, and largely withdrew attention from all secular pursuits. The exercises of Miss Bailey's school were suspended, that the pupils might attend the daily meetings. We quote again from Mrs. Young's words:

“Gussie became exceedingly anxious about herself, and neglected no opportunity to go to the altar for prayer. All her companions and classmates professed conversion some time before she felt any change, which discouraged her very much. She struggled in agony for ten days. Upon the last day of her conflict for a new birth, she refused to eat, saying she could never eat again until the burden was removed. The night following she attended church again, and while at the altar, I never saw a brighter manifestation of God’s power than in her conversion. I saw her countenance change, and the tears of love and gratitude streaming down her cheeks. I asked her if she felt any relief. She exclaimed, ‘Oh! Ma, God, for Christ’s sake, has pardoned my sins!’ She was quiet, but completely overpowered with joy. After the revival closed, I never saw a brighter, happier being than she was, and so remained until her death.”

She continued under Miss Bailey’s tuition until she was fifteen years old. Two years

after her conversion, in her fifteenth birth month, she was prostrated by an alarming spell of sickness. Her parents were apprehensive of a fatal result, and expressed serious fears of her nearness to death. In this dangerous crisis, the genuineness of her religious principles was comfortably exemplified. Gussie declared that she was not afraid to die, and that to her, the thought of going to Heaven was delightful. Often, after her recovery, she reverted to this season of sickness, and to her cheerful readiness to depart. The contemplation of it seemed to afford her real pleasure.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE IN COLLEGE.

———"Who hath walked
This world with such a winning loveliness,
And on its bright, brief journey, gathered up
Such treasures of affection?"—WILLIS.

IN the latter part of September, 1858, Gus-sie's parents entered her as a pupil in the Tuskegee Female College, a flourishing institution located in the town of Tuskegee, Alabama, of which the accomplished Dr. A. A. Lipscomb was, at that time, the President. To a girl of her intense attachment to home and its endearments, joined with her timidity, it was a severe trial to be sent amongst strangers. She was nerved, however, to the test, by her aspiring eagerness to secure an enlarged education. She highly prized a cultivated intellect, and

believed it her religious duty to improve her talents to the utmost.

In the institution of her choice she passed two years of rapidly expanding intellectual life—years which she never ceased to regard as among the brightest, happiest of her brief history. In the course of study and discipline prescribed by the College, she quickly evinced the most sterling qualities of intellectual and moral character. Her earnestness, diligence and perseverance, joined with a ready and comprehensive mind, and the charms of engaging manners and amiable disposition, rendered her a favorite of teachers and school companions. As an evidence of the strong friendship which she inspired in her associates, we are permitted to copy the following sentences from a letter of Miss L—— P——, of Selma, Alabama, a favorite classmate, written to Mrs. Young, on receiving intelligence of Gussie's death: "A few days since I heard the sad news of dear Gussie's death. It filled my heart with deep, deep sorrow, to think she

had passed away from earthly scenes, without my once more seeing and clasping her to my bosom, with all the fervency of sincere friendship. My love for Gussie was too pure for time or silent absence to erase. I loved her devotedly, and appreciated the privilege of enjoying the friendship of such a creature."

From a letter of condolence, addressed to Mr. W H. Young, by Dr. Lipscomb, Chancellor of the University of Georgia, to whom we have above referred as being President of the College at the date of Gussie's admission, we make the following extract, showing the manner in which her rare perfections had impressed a mind so experienced and so judicious: "The death of your noble daughter has pained me deeply. I remember the beautiful simplicity of her character—the trustful tenderness—the shrinking modesty—the womanly repose and charming grace of her maturing girlhood; and knowing these qualities to be firmly rooted in the principles of her nature, and to be associated with those refined and delicate sen-

timents that confer such a charm on female worth, I looked forward to her life as one of high aims and blessed virtues."

During the first year of Gussie's residence in Tuskegee, she boarded in the family of Mrs. Trnum, an excellent widow lady of the town, who bears unequivocal testimony to the singular goodness of our cherished friend. In October, 1859, she took rooms in the Boarding Department of the College, of which Rev. John W. Rush was steward. In her new relations to the institution, she sustained the same unblemished reputation which she had previously acquired. In her deportment she was so prompt to obey, so scrupulous to observe the requirements of discipline, so exemplary in her conduct towards the inmates of the house, that she won the entire confidence of Mr. Rush and his family. During the two years of her College life she was never under censure of any teacher, in any department, or in any particular. Rev. G. W. F. Price was made President of the institution in the sum-

mer of 1859, having been a Professor in the College from the date of its establishment. For this gentleman, Gussie conceived an unusually ardent attachment. Ever after she delighted to associate his name with all her most cherished plans of life. In no way, perhaps, was the magnanimity and generous ardor of her nature more clearly shown, than in the warmth of affection, with which she regarded the Institution where she received her final training, and the teachers who had devoted themselves to her advancement in learning. Gussie maintained the integrity of her Christian profession throughout her College course, attaching herself to the church in Tuskegee, and making diligent use of the advantages of class-meetings, and the Sabbath school.

At the organization of the Institution, Dr. Lipscomb had introduced the admirable plan of delivering religious Lectures to the young ladies of the College, upon each successive Sabbath afternoon. The conception of this two-fold method of intellectual and spiritual

culture, was founded upon the same general principles, and the same enlarged experience, which actuated Dr. Arnold, the learned Master of Rugby School, in England, to adopt the system of weekly sermons to the pupils under his care. Yet aside from this common philosophical basis, the plan adopted in the Tuskegee Female College was unique and original. The scope of these discourses was materially different from the ordinary ministrations of the pulpit. As the audience, for whom they were primarily prepared, was composed of school girls, the topics discussed were selected with special reference to their bearing upon the daily labors of the school-room. Abstract principles were held in abeyance to concrete truth; logical forms were subordinated to those modes of thought and expression, which appealed more directly to the fresh and un-cloyed sensibilities and emotions of the youthful hearers. Nor was it deemed inappropriate to invest these Lectures with such an attractive literary dress, as blended refined intellec-

tual culture with the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel. Thus it was sought to elevate the office of Teacher to its true level of a holy pastorate. Through this channel the truth reached the hearts of the hearers with a greater directness; with a more acute conviction of personal responsibility; with a weightier sanction of immediate official authority, than could be attained by any other means.

Gussie was a constant and attentive listener to these Sabbath afternoon discourses. To their teachings, perhaps, some of the surprising excellences of her character are to be traced. On these hallowed occasions, we doubt not, the living verities of the Gospel were identified, in a new and touching manner, with the humble sphere of her daily toil. Here, doubtless, was laid upon her spirit much of the solemn emphasis of life's coming responsibilities. Here, also, did she learn, that in woman's glorious ministry of self-denial, the highest standard of duty, as it is the highest meed of praise, is the voice of

a Savior's love declaring—"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

Under such influences, her daily life in College received a higher significancy, and her simple round of duties was cheerfully and heartily performed. The class of which she was a member, although small, was composed of pupils of more than ordinary intellectual and moral worth. A spirit of generous devotion to study pervaded its members. Abreast with the foremost, Gussie strove, "in emulous endeavor," after all that was excellent, and "of good report." No unseemly jealousies, no mean rivalries, marred her student-life. In the school-room, she was a model of quiet and orderly attentiveness to her duties. She sought literally to "redeem the time." The earliest light of morning often found her poring over the perplexing pages of Butler's *Analogy*, or the severe lessons of *Intellectual*, or *Moral Philosophy*. Her hours of relaxation were occasionally devoted to Music. At such times, she was the admired centre of

a delighted group of her fellow-pupils, who crowded to hear her charming performances.

Gussie engaged in innocent recreations with real zest, and enjoyed greatly the freedom of the College grounds in walks, or gentle sports with her companions. For boisterous amusements she had no relish. Shakspeare's model of womanly delicacy was frequently before her mind, as a cardinal maxim of discipline in the Institution, and well did she illustrate its expressive characterization, for

" Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman."

Such was her life in its outward seeming. Yet there was another phase of it, to which there attaches a deeper sanctity, because it was disclosed only to the "Father who seeth in secret." We allude to her habitual piety. Reading the Scriptures and prayer received her constant attention. The secret source of her gracious and gentle behavior, lay in these inner experiences of a consecrated soul. With private devotions she began the day. The

early morning was given, first of all, to God.
In her religious life she exemplified the truth
that truly hers is a

“Happy soul, who never misses,
To improve that precious hour
And every day,
Seize her sweet prey,
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dripping with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices.”

And as the day began, so did' it end, with
meek and submissive approaches to the foot-
stool of divine grace. So that all her life was
radiant with the light of a heavenly illumina-
tion, until the beholder might well conclude,

“Nursed by the Virtues she hath been
From childhood's hour.”

CHAPTER V

GUSSIE WITH HER TEACHERS.

“A mind rejoicing in the light,
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf serenely bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower.”—WHITTIER.

A PUPIL who thus lived according to a standard of such manifold excellence, could not fail to win the approbation of her Teachers. We have already quoted the judgment of Dr. Lipscomb. It is with pleasure that we subjoin the following additional passages, communicated by those who were witnesses of her daily course.

Mrs. C. M. Reed, a lady connected with the College from the date of its organization, writes of Gussie in the following terms:

“The sad intelligence of Gussie’s death grieved my heart, and enlisted every sympa-

thy for the devoted parents, in the loss of one, around whom so many bright hopes clustered, and who had every promise of a long, useful, and happy life.

“I never saw a Pupil more beloved by Teachers and associates than she was, for her conduct was ever characterized by gentle courtesy and winning demeanor. In my daily intercourse with her, during her stay in College, I formed the highest estimate of her, as a model of correct deportment, and a lovely Christian character, “whom to see was to admire, and to know was to love.”

“Her naturally bright intellect was assiduously devoted to all the appliances at command to perfect herself, mentally and morally, and most beautifully did she exemplify those Christian graces requisite to enable her successfully to combat the difficulties of the school-room. Well do I remember her sweet and modest demeanor, when the final honors of the Institution were conferred upon her by her President, who was proud to usher

into a field of active duties, one whose life had so auspiciously begun, and who bade fair to prove a blessing to the sphere which her high culture eminently qualified her to adorn.

“To none was the plaudit ‘well done’ more deservedly awarded, and for none were more earnest wishes made, that God would spare a life so full of noble resolves, and high purposes of right.”

To give a fuller idea of her character as a pupil, we insert the following paper, drawn up by Rev. Mr. Price soon after Gussie’s death:

“My acquaintance with Miss Young began in October, 1858. About that date she entered the Junior Class of the Tuskegee Female College. I was early attracted to her as a pupil of unusual promise in her literary pursuits, and as a young lady of such marked loveliness of character, that it was impossible not to feel for her a growing esteem. She was just at that formative period of life, when all the rich endowments of her intellectual

and spiritual nature, were rapidly maturing into the symmetry and beauty of a noble womanhood. Her shrinking sensitiveness, redeemed from awkwardness by the refining culture of superior social advantages; her perfect ingenuousness of disposition; her thorough loyalty to truth and to duty; her patient assiduity in study; her glowing appreciativeness of the new and higher thoughts, which a daily growing mind brought home to intellect and to soul—these combined excellences constituted her at once a centre of affection, and a source of genial, conservative influence in the school. It was a joy to teach her, for hers was the spirit of a true disciple. Her mind was clear, well-balanced, vigorous. Earnestness and heartiness marked her intellectual efforts. She accepted the highest ideal of true education, and sought to realize it in her own mental culture. I had frequent occasion to test her capacity to deal with grave and severe topics of moral and intellectual inquiry.

“ Her sensibilities were so acute that a touch of pathos would start the tears to her eyelids in a moment. When speaking to the class upon a topic involving lofty endeavor, or heroic self-sacrifice, I have seen her eyes suffused with tears of sympathetic appreciation.

“ Her manners were engaging, marked by that gentleness, blended with vivacity, indicative of a pure and happy heart. In dress, she was notable for the chasteness and simplicity of her toilette, combined with refined taste in the selection and arrangement of the articles that composed it. I cannot recall an instance in which I found it necessary to criticise, even mentally, the faultless neatness of her personal appearance. The faculty of order was largely developed in her mind, combined with tasteful arrangement of whatever was entrusted to her care. During her Senior year, we had Literary and Scientific Lectures delivered on each Friday evening, for several successive weeks. I was in the habit of calling upon the advanced pupils to assist me in arrang-

ing the lecture room for these exercises. I can never cease to recall with pleasure the cheerful alacrity with which Gussie lent her assistance at such times. She begged to be allowed to help me in all the minutiae of the arrangements. And I was largely indebted, on these occasions, for the neatness and admirable order of the room, to her excellent judgment and good taste. In arranging the furniture to the best advantage, in disposing of the pictures, statuettes, diagrams, or other illustrations to subserve both beauty and utility; in dressing the flower vases that adorned the mantel—in all was observable the touch of her tasteful hand.

“In the study of the finer forms of literature, she evinced superior taste. Her love of Poetry was genuine, and her appreciation of its highest developments was rational and hearty. Since her death her mother has shown me her edition of Thomson’s “Seasons,” which she studied in school. It is filled with annotations in the margin, show-

ing how she appreciated its beauties, and how she treasured up the instructions of the class-room. Her copy of "Paradise Lost" is similarly marked.

"Over all this rare combination of admirable traits, religion, as true as it was unobtrusive, threw a halo of undying beauty. The sanctity of a fervent spirit irradiated her daily life. I met her frequently in the unreserved communications of our College class-meetings. She did not make any parade of her religious sentiments. Her usual timidity characterized her here as elsewhere. Yet, in these reunions, she gave expression to her faith and hopes in a manner vindicated by the consistency of her life.

"I have seen many noble and beautiful girls go forth to meet the call of life's earnest duties. But I have dismissed no one, before whom I thought there lay a more inviting field of radiant promise, than that which awaited my lamented pupil, Gussie."

CHAPTER VI.

GRADUATION.

"Farewell, dear spot! where many a day has past,
In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last."—SOUTHEY.

THE time at length arrived, when all the delightful associations of Gussie's happy College life, were to be rudely interrupted by her graduation. If it had cost her a struggle to leave, for a time, the endearments of home, it was now a season of still severer trial to quit forever the familiar scenes where she had spent two years of unmarred social pleasure, and of constant growth and expansion of all the attributes of her higher spiritual nature. Her loving heart had entwined its delicate tendrils about so many precious objects of womanly affection, that it was a grievous disruption of a thousand tender ties. Amidst tears and un-

syllabled farewells, she turned from those pleasant retreats, and from those blessed companionships, never to revisit the one, and to renew the other, only when "the heavens be no more."

In July, 1860, then, Gussie graduated with marked success. On that occasion she prepared an essay entitled, "The Ministry of Genins and the Ministry of Love," which elicited great commendation from intelligent and discerning minds.

The design of her effort was to show what agencies Providence has ordained for the highest culture of the human race. "This is, indeed," she remarks, "a world of beauty, and deserves the praise of God's creatures; deserves a corresponding purity of heart; deserves the bended knee and the grateful tear. And with this world of beauty, faded and sin-cursed as it is, God has given man the means of raising himself to his original happiness; means to convert it from a world of sorrow to one of happiness and joy. To this high

end, He appoints the two mighty ministries of Genius and of Love." God has bestowed Genius upon man to enable him to re-assert "his rightful authority over his alienated realm, and to bring within his power every material element." Genius is a divine gift, with which man is endowed, "that he may re-establish his lost Eden, reproduce its withered beauty, and adorn the Earth in prophecy of his eternal home." "And He has given man Love to govern his stubborn will; to crush his rising passions; to restrain his perverse tempers; and to bring into harmony with the divine will every thought, desire and affection of his heart."

She then proceeds to develop the potent agency of Genius, in all its aspects, from the simplest forms of inventive skill, applied to utilitarian ends, to the loftiest endeavors of the creative intellect, when expended in the production of the enduring monuments of Art. "Inventive Genius prints us books," and gives to our eager minds "the fruits of

the Philosopher's studious toil, and the charming music of the Poet's song." "Inventive Genius builds our railroads; forms a path upon the trackless ocean; contrives the wonderful telegraph; brings down the heavens from their immeasurable heights; speaks in the ponderous clang and roar of machinery; booms in the thunder of cannon, and jingles in the music of bells; screams in the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and breathes in the soft notes of the flute." Yet a higher office awaits it. "Genius throws peculiar grace and beauty over the sterile reality; unveils the hidden loveliness of Nature's multiplied forms; makes the rose blush a deeper red, gives to the grass a tenderer green, and sheds over the heavens a serener blue." "The soul of the Artist kindles with every stroke of the chisel, until the gleam of coming beauty flashes upon us, and the Apollo Belvidere rises before us the perfection of manly beauty, or Thorwaldsen's Christ fills the beholder with reverence and awe." "In its still loftier moods, Genius puts

on the singing robes of the mighty Poet. Then his soul leaps into words, and the tongue becomes its burning interpreter. He revels in the regions of Imagination with the ecstasy of unspeakable delight. Every glowing thought tells the dazzling beauty of the vision that fills his ravished soul."

Having thus elaborated this phase of the subject, she next propounds the still higher power of Love, as a ministry that irradiates the humblest lot, that lightens the severest toil, that gladdens the loneliest heart; a ministry that draws its inspiration from the presence-chamber of Heaven, and that brings the participants of its gentle benefactions akin to God. She shows that "mighty as is the agency of Genius, it needs the controlling influence of a regulating principle, and that heavenly Guide is—LOVE. It is described in the sacred writings as so important, that without it, all high gifts of eloquence, all mighty energy of thought, all skill, and craft, and cunning, are as nothing. It cheers the desolate,

consoles the afflicted, visits the lowly, dwells with the humble." "Until Genius is consecrated by the hallowing" chrism "of Love, its works all perish." This latter sentiment is pertinently illustrated by reference to the steam engine, the printing press, the electric telegraph, in showing that they reach their crowning excellency when contributing to the wider and more rapid spread of divine Truth, with its messages of Love to a dying world. The discussion closes by a felicitous allusion to some of those illustrious men, whose Genius has, from age to age, been meekly consecrated to the glory of Almighty God, and to whose redeemed intellect has been added the gracious unction of heavenly Love.

We have been thus minute in analyzing the performance, to show the class of topics and the style of thought with which her college training had brought her acquainted, and to evince, to some extent, the degree of culture which her education had imparted to her mind. To the superior power of Love, as a

controlling central influence in character, her own daily life afforded appropriate and beautiful testimony.

CHAPTER VII.

GUSSIE IN HER HOME.

—————“She was loved
Only as idols are. She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy
Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,
And in the light and music of her way
Have a companion's portion.”—WILLIS

UPON retiring from the Institution, Gussie did not fall into the capital error, so common amongst young persons, of considering her education as completed. On the contrary, she immediately formed a definite plan for enlarging her acquirements and for perfecting her mental culture. She systematized her daily pursuits, allotting a certain portion of time to her music, some hours to reading, and a part of the day to domestic duties.

She was in the daily habit of retiring, for at least two hours each day, to the most private

apartment of the house, where she could devote herself to the perusal of her chosen books, without interruption or distraction. Her reading was select rather than extensive. She was fond of the pure simplicity, the quiet repose, and the chaste elegance of Irving, whose writings she read with delighted attention. Into the turbid current of sentimental and sensational literature, she never plunged. Modern fictions, especially of the intense and highly-wrought school, were not agreeable to her mental or spiritual aptitudes. In the field of fictitious literature, she had confined her reading entirely to one or two of the great English authors. She had read Scott's novels thoroughly. With the genial portraiture of Dickens she was conversant, finding, no doubt, in the tender touches of his pathetic pen, a living echo to the ready sympathies of her loving heart, and in the quiet humor that pervades his every page, a refreshing stimulus to her cheerful spirit. She was never imbued with the morbid sentimentalism of an habit-

ual novel-reader. Her experiences of life had been happy and joyous, and her views of it were healthful, earnest, and hearty. Her reading, therefore, never inclined to the light and ephemeral works that teem from the modern press—books that “die and make no sign.” At the time of her last illness she was engaged in an extended course of historical reading. To most young persons, with so many attractive phases of social life constantly presented to their view, such pursuits are usually insipid and uninteresting. They prefer to yield themselves to the delicious enervation of romance, or to the pleasant fantasies of their own day-dreams. Her ardent thirst for knowledge, her intense desire to fit herself for an honored place in cultivated society, did not permit her thus to mis-spend her opportunities for self-improvement. It was a source of delight to her to read aloud her favorite histories to her mother, and to discuss with her the great nations and renowned leaders of the ancient world.

We have alluded elsewhere to her poetic tastes. Gussie was of too refined and delicate an intellectual constitution not to enjoy this medium of imaginative impression. She had studied the pastoral poetry of Thomson thoroughly. Its rich and varied delineations of nature were familiar to her, and awakened her loving appreciation. Her College training had brought her acquainted with the sublime strains of "Paradise Lost"—a poem to which the world accords an exalted rank from traditional fame, but which few, even of the more cultivated classes, have read with any degree of thoroughness, or critical discrimination. To her, however, it was a notable era in her mental culture. In it she found new and higher tracts of thought. For its elucidation she realized the necessity of more comprehensive canons of criticism, and more enlarged fields of reading and investigation. To these loftier endeavors she was greatly assisted, during her Senior year in College, by a series of admirable Lectures, delivered by Dr. Lips-

comb, on "The Imagination, its Laws and Culture." Those who are acquainted with the Lecturer, need not be informed, that upon such a topic he could speak with surprising felicity, and with a rare power of inspiration. In elucidation of his Lectures, the Doctor cited the finest examples of imaginative literature. His critical knowledge of Standard Poetry, aided by a rare taste and a richly endowed power of imagination, qualified him to charm as well as to instruct his hearers. His illustrations were not confined to the walks of literature, but embraced the cognate domain of Art. Abundant materials were found for his use in the elegant pictures, engravings, casts, and drawings which were at hand in the Art Department of the College. The partial relaxation of discipline, and the social aspect of these Lectures; the inspiriting presence of a select audience, and the agreeable intellectual stimulus afforded by contact with an earnest and vigorous mind, served to render these occasions memorable

to those who enjoyed them. Under such influences, Gussie's own imagination was stirred, her critical acumen increased, and her sympathies with the highest forms of poetic thought developed and matured.

She had read not only the Waverly series, but also the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. Her mother informs us that the "Lady of the Lake" was one of her favorite poems. Her allusions to it were frequent and appreciative. In the domain of American poetry, she was much attached to the sacred poems of Willis—poems written before his soul was emasculated by the flatteries and follies of worldly associations. One of our pleasantest reminiscences of Gussie, is the intense and delighted earnestness with which she listened to the reading of Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters." Her soul looked out of her eyes in a dreamy calm, as she drank in the deep tranquillity of that delicious poem—the finest embodiment, in any language, of the idea of sensuous quiet and repose. She added to these special fields

of reading, a general view of literature, and was conversant, to some extent, with the writings of Shakspeare, Byron, Moore, and other poets of inferior grade.

But it remains to be stated with gratifying emphasis, that above all other books, THE BIBLE was her constant companion, her most cherished storehouse of truth, and goodness, and wisdom. She loved the sacred word with an ardency of Christian devotion that was affecting and beautiful. She read it habitually, perseveringly, appreciatively. Its words were full of living power and spiritual significance to her. She enjoyed the preaching of the Gospel, not only because she loved the truth, but, also, because like Timothy, from a child she had known the Holy Scriptures. The interest with which she listened to the ministrations of the word, and the diligence with which she sought to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" its consolatory teachings, was evinced by a glance at the Bible of which she made constant use. Throughout the margin

were found marks directing attention to texts, upon which she had heard sermons delivered, with the name of the preacher, and the date of the service. Thus had she reverted in secret to the discourses she had heard, and by the tender offices of a loving association, had she sought to perpetuate and embalm the sacred truths, which she had received in those hallowed hours of worship in the sanctuary of God.

An early marriage did not seem to enter into her plans. She appeared, rather, to study how she could beautify home by her charming presence, and by the soothing ministries of love. Her chief desire seemed to be to assist her parents, to relieve their cares, to repay their loving concern for her. To this end, she entered heartily into all the details of domestic economy, and frequently besought her mother to give up to her care the management of the household. The slightest wish of her parents was anticipated with that amiable intuition which only a loving heart can display.

She suffered no idle moments to enervate her spirit. Of diligence and industry, she was a perfect pattern. Nowhere were the genial elements of her nature more lovingly energized, than in caring for the younger members of the family. It seemed natural for her to sway them to her will. With an irresistible tenderness and delicacy she entered into sympathy with their hearts, and drew them under the benign influence of her beautiful example. In their sorrows she soothed them. In their fits of waywardness, she gently wrought in them a spirit of contrition, and a desire for amendment. In their sickness, her devotion was almost painfully close. She left them neither day nor night, until assured of their convalescence. She taught them the truths of religion, and set them before their eyes in a radiant example of piety. She took pains to cultivate in them refinement of manners, and courteous reciprocity of attention in their daily intercourse. Often, when they were about retiring to rest, would she go to their

bed-chambers, with a most loving solicitude, to inquire if they had read their Bibles, and attended to their devotions. Towards servants, her conduct was always kind and considerate. She never censured them with severity of language or temper. If they did wrong, she reprov'd them gently—frequently remonstrating with them upon the sinfulness of their conduct, until she brought tears to their eyes. If they were sick she visited them, inquired into their condition, and gave them a word of encouragement and exhortation. Her maid was an object of her special care. Gussie read to her nightly the Word of God, enforced its teachings, and exhorted her to a life of virtue and holiness.

Her means of enjoyment were ample. The wealth of her father afforded her every facility for gratification. Yet Gussie was exceedingly prudent and considerate in all her expenditures. She never coveted fine apparel, or costly ornaments. Her mother had uniformly to urge her to the purchase of clothing

that was at all expensive. When any unusual appropriation of money was suggested for her benefit, she would remark that her father might meet with reverses in his affairs, and that his resources might be curtailed. If from this cause, the younger members of the family should be deprived of any of the advantages conferred upon her, it would be to her, she believed, a life-long subject of regret and self-reproach.

She loved her home ardently. Within its blessed sanctuary she realized her conceptions of earthly happiness. She rarely desired to leave home, and generally did so only at the urgent instance of her friends. Yet, her enjoyment of society was intense, and unalloyed by experiences of heartlessness, or worldly deceitfulness. Her loving nature inspired a warmth of affection that welcomed her with unfeigned cordiality to every circle, and she always returned home wondering why she was an object of so much attention and affectionate admiration. Caressed and flattered

wherever she went, she still maintained, to the close of life, an artlessness of manner as refreshing as it was sincere.

One of the loveliest attitudes in which her domestic relations placed Gussie, was her remarkable devotion to her father. For many years previous to her decease, an increasing infirmity of hearing had greatly limited his social enjoyments, and rendered intercourse with his family, even, a matter of serious difficulty. To this misfortune Gussie seemed peculiarly sensitive, and to obviate the disabilities of his position, as far as she was able, she devoted herself with assiduous tenderness. Upon his return from business, she was the first to meet him at the threshold with a kiss of pure affection. Her hand assisted to remove his great-coat, to lay aside his hat and gloves. She it was who had lit the gas-burner over the centre-table, in the cozy little sitting-room, placed upon it the accustomed books and papers, and had stationed there his chair in its familiar place. Seating

herself then, smilingly, by his side, she would recount to him the domestic record of the day, acquainting him with all that had transpired in every department of household affairs. When company was present, she would manage to get a seat near her father, so that she might repeat to him the substance of the conversation that was going on, thus beguiling the painful sense of isolation which he experienced on such occasions. Her mother tells us that she has often known Gussie to leave the room, overcome by her deep sympathy for her father, and to weep bitterly, declaring that she would give the world, were it hers, to restore his hearing.

The task of making and arranging her clothing, she performed with her own hands, alleging that she could not conscientiously expend money for this purpose, when she was not otherwise engaged herself. Her care of her wardrobe extended to the minutest details, and was marked by the same fidelity which characterized her in every other regard.

To one so finely organized, it will be readily believed, that Nature, in all its phases, was a source of great delight. She loved all its aspects of beauty, or of grandeur. Nor was it merely a well-spring of physical enjoyments. She commented frequently upon God's wisdom and goodness as displayed in his works. To her they bore conclusive evidence of "his power and God-head." She devoted much attention to the cultivation of flowers, and to the tasteful arrangement of the grounds appropriated to shrubbery.

Her courtesy was proverbial in her intercourse with the poor, as well as her gentle benevolence of heart. Visitors to her father's house, however obscure, were welcomed with a cordiality that betokened a high-born soul. Her mother, in writing to us upon this point, says: "Since her death, I have encountered three or four very obscure, but respectable women at her grave, weeping bitterly, saying they could never forget her kindness to them in calling to see after their welfare, and in

greeting them cordially in the streets, when other young ladies would not condescend to notice them."

When the present war broke out, Gussie became early enlisted in labors for the benefit of the soldiers. Hers was not the ephemeral impulse of an hour of enthusiasm, but it accorded with all the faithfulness of her former life, and with all the generous sentiments of her redeemed heart. She toiled, therefore, steadily, to the end of her short but glorious career, for the good of the brave defenders of our country.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST DAYS.

"She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear !
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies,—sweet love !
Good she was, and fair in youth,
And her mind was fain to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth ;
Take her, then, forevermore,—
Forever,—evermore !"—PROCTOR.

Thus living and loving, three years and a half passed by. Gussie had grown and improved in every respect. Her intellect was still maturing; her Christian graces were developing; her character was assuming new and still more attractive phases. In personal appearance, the change was marked and gratifying. When in school, she was barely of medium height, slender and thin. Her health

seemed good, but not robust. Her eyes were of a mild blue, with a winning earnestness of expression. Her hair was of a light auburn, always dressed with extreme carefulness. Her face was earnest, spiritual, and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Now she had grown taller, her figure had rounded out into a graceful fulness. Her carriage was erect and queenly. Her eye beamed with a serene intelligence. Dignity and grace marked her movements. Her hair had deepened in color into a dark auburn, with a rich purple glossiness. Her complexion was clear, healthful, rosy. We are assured that those who did not see her during the last year or two of her life, can form but little conception of the superior attractions of her personal appearance.

In approaching the termination of her life, we introduce a few lines from her mother's pen: "I had just returned from a visit to my sister in Eufaula, Alabama, when Gussie was taken with her death illness. I believe her sickness was occasioned by her faithful atten-

dance on a sick servant, and upon her little brother, who was unwell during my absence. Upon my return she greeted me in her usual health, saying she hoped I would often leave her in charge, and take more pleasure than I had ever done. The servants jocosely said, that Miss Gussie managed better than I did, and one faithful servant remarked that I ought to be happy to have a child, who seemed more like an angel than anything else."

Mrs. Young was herself siezed with a very painful illness, but a short time before her daughter's attack. At first Gussie's case awakened no serious apprehensions. As usual, her thoughts were almost wholly occupied about the welfare of her mother. When prevented from going to Mrs. Young's room by her increasing weakness, Gussie sent constant messages of affection to her mother, with injunctions to be prudent and careful of herself. As Mrs. Young grew worse, her daughter's case, also, developed more alarming symptoms, until the terrible truth was unwillingly

forced upon physician, friends, and family, that her recovery was altogether hopeless. Upon learning her daughter's desperate condition, Mrs. Young was carried, herself almost unconscious, to Gussie's chamber, and placed beside her. Her brothers—two of whom were in the army, a third at the University of Georgia—were summoned home. Her agonized father, threatened with a double desolation, fell crushed under the overpowering strength of his emotions. Friends came crowding around the dear girl's dying couch, tendering all that heart or hand could offer in such an hour of gloom. The only calm heart there, was that of the saintly child, whose feet were even now almost planted upon "the shining shore." Her pastor, Rev. Joseph S. Key, was summoned to administer the consolations of his office, in this season of heart-rending distress. He has cheerfully placed at our disposal the following graphic and affecting account of the scene, which we will not mar by abridging or modifying in any regard :

“It was Saturday, the 24th of January. Early in the morning a messenger came with the request that I should hasten quickly to see my departed young friend. I knew she had been sick for some days; had called to see her, but supposed the attack mild and yielding, least of all did I dream that the stroke was fatal. Imagine, then, my consternation and grief, when, on reaching the house, I learned that she must die, and that I had been sent for to communicate the fearful fact to her. With as much composure as possible, I entered the chamber of death, and to my surprise found her calm, quiet, free from pain, and by no means anticipating the alarming tidings. I feared the announcement would be more than her fortitude or faith could bear, and therefore approached the subject cautiously, but I soon found, to my great relief and joy, that my fears were needless.

“The first full realization of the fact that she stood face to face with Death, affected her most profoundly, but it was neither the

emotion of alarm or of doubtfulness. It was rather the shrinking sensitiveness of a conscience which magnified the standard of holiness, and had no confidence in the flesh. For a moment she seemed oppressed with a sense of her own unworthiness. But upon being asked if there were any point, in the retrospect of her religious life, either of omission or of commission, which rose up now to trouble her, she replied, 'there is none.' Her absorbing desire was a view of Christ present with her, assuring her of acceptance and filling her soul with peace and joy. I presented the atonement in all its fullness and efficiency. I urged the promises of God's Word, so abundant and so pertinent. We engaged in prayer, in which she joined, responding audibly, and repeating certain petitions over and over. Her faith was much strengthened, and her prospect brightened. She asked us to sing with her, and seemed much comforted, particularly when we sang 'There is rest for the weary.'

“It then occurred to me that Bunyan’s description of the crossing of the Jordan by Christian and Hopeful, might assist her as an example and a guide. It was procured and read, and at once she seemed to grasp the situation, and became serenely composed and happy. Misgivings and questionings all gave way. Faith fixed its grasp upon Christ, to be relaxed no more. Assurance, sufficient and satisfying, dissipated the darkness of the dying hour, and mingled the rapture of grace with the outbeamings of the coming glory. Oh! it was a scene to witness—sublime and glorious. A timid, trembling girl triumphs over herself, and walks calmly and confidently through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. A frail, weak, shrinking female, unsustained save by grace, encounters the King of Terrors and comes off conqueror.

“Throughout the day (Saturday) she remained in a heavenly, happy frame, speaking words of kindness and tenderness to all around, and waiting patiently until her change

should come. As she neared her final home, the glorious vision of her inheritance became more distinct, until at length, shortly before the close, caught up into an ecstasy of religious emotion, as if transfigured, she looked and talked as she was never known to do before. The corruptible was putting on incorruption—the mortal was putting on immortality.

“She seemed to be inspired and assisted for the occasion, not only to declare her own readiness and triumph, but to preach almost with angelic eloquence, as she stood upon the confines of two worlds. And indeed it was a glorious work which she accomplished, the fruit of which, I doubt not, she will gather in the day of Eternity. She had a message for every member of the family.

“Beginning with her father and mother, for whose happiness she had always lived, and for which alone she desired to live, and then brothers and sisters, and then relatives present, and last of all calling in the servants—

to each and all she gave parting messages, and exacted the promise to meet her in heaven. Nor did she forget her absent friends, but sent them messages of love, and begged them to meet her where friendships may never be severed.

“Thus she continued, as long as reason held her throne, to tell her triumphs and proclaim her joy. Oh, it was wonderful; it was almost miraculous. Such a scene is rarely witnessed in a life-time. We felt, in beholding it, much as did Elisha, when the sainted Elijah ascended—‘My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.’”

CHAPTER IX.

"DUST TO DUST."

"Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes;
Victorious over death, to her appears
The vistaed joys of heaven's eternal years."—PROCTOR.

The 26th day of January, 1863, dawned dark and dreary upon that desolate home, within whose saddened chambers was heard the voice of a mourning that refused to be comforted. There peacefully enough, in spotless white, lay the shrouded form of her who for long years had illumined the house with the radiant joy of her presence, and filled its halls with the grateful music of her gentle voice. The shadow of death was upon the noble brow, but the serene smile of an ineffable peace lingered about the mouth, and the

face was lit up as though there had fallen upon it some faint gleams of "the glory that shall be revealed." How much of hope had died with her, how much of brilliant promise, how much of tremblingly joyous expectation,—who can tell? What a sense of utter loneliness pervaded the heart of every member of that stricken family! Gussie was identified with every hour of the day; with every office of household duty, or of domestic affection; with every plan that was proposed, and every labor that was done, under that once happy roof. The glad greetings of the early morning; the unstudied cheerfulness of the noon-tide meal; the tender and loving duties of the waning day; the blissful reunions of the social night, when

"Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
The hours away,—"

the hopes, the joys, the passing sorrows of the household were all intimately associated with the untimely and lamented dead. And now that she was gone, the light and the glory of

the home-circle were gone with her. She filled a place in that goodly fellowship that none other could supply. To the older children so sweet a companion was she, and to the younger so tender a guide, so true and wise a counsellor. To her parents she was at once a most dutiful, loyal child, and a hearty, intelligent, associate and helper. She seemed literally to have absorbed, into her own large and exuberant soul, the being and happiness of the entire family. By some indefinable spiritual attractiveness, without study and without design, she had so marshalled about her the affairs of the household, that she was unconsciously the central figure in the living drama of their daily life. When she passed away, there was not merely grief. There was a stunning consciousness of loss; a staggering and benumbing sense of some great calamity; a nerveless lapsing into helplessness and despair.

The hour at length arrived, when her beloved form must pass the threshold of her

childhood's home, never to return again. The funeral train was formed in silent sorrow. Mournfully the procession moved towards the city. Arrived at St. Paul's Methodist Church, where her membership was held in life, her coffin was placed before the sacred desk. The Rev. Joseph S. Key, who had attended her dying couch, was the officiating clergyman on this melancholy occasion. A large and serious audience filled the church. The text selected was found by collating two beautiful passages in the life of Jesus. The first was taken from Christ's tender interview with the widowed mother of Nain, whose only son He gave back again to her weeping bosom. The other was the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, where Jesus, standing beside the grave of Lazarus, mingled the tears of a divinely human sorrow with those of the disconsolate sisters of Bethany. The special topic of the discourse, was the deep and perfect SYMPATHY OF CHRIST with sorrowing and suffering humanity. The ser-

VICES were solemn and impressive. Tears flowed freely,—sobs were audible throughout the audience. The whole congregation was moved in sympathy with this sad bereavement.

From the church the procession once again moved, in mute and sorrowful array, to the summit of the gently sloping hill, upon which is located the City Cemetery. Upon reaching the selected spot, the coffin was silently lowered into its narrow receptacle; the solemn burial service of the Methodist Episcopal Church was pronounced beside the open grave; the first handfuls of fresh-dug earth were gently laid, by pious hands, above the peaceful dead; in a few sad moments, the little mound was lovingly fashioned to note where slept the precious dust, and all that was perishable of the household darling was hid forever from mortal gaze.

True there is sorrow, long and bitter, under the roof-tree of her home. Yet there, too, are inexpressible consolations,—consolation in the

consecrated saintliness of her life, and in the wondrous triumphs of her final hour,—consolation in the blessed memories of her brief career on earth, and in the joyous anticipation of an eternal reunion with her in the realms of heavenly day. There shall your ANGEL DAUGHTER, oh! weeping parents, be folded again to your throbbing breasts, in an ecstasy of mutual recognition. The dear form you clasped on earth; the clear white brow you kissed; the cheek of velvet, the lip of ruby, and the eye of blue—all, all shall be given back to the devouring eagerness of your gaze, and to the passionate rapture of your embrace.

“Yes! my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling Angel-voices,
And the Angel-faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

“O! ye weary, tempest-tossed ones!
Droop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-s'rings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet tone lingers—
WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.”

CHAPTER X.

IN MEMORIAM.

“Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain ; but a woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.”—PROVERBS.

THUS passed away the rarest specimen of a noble Christian womanhood that we have ever known, in one so young as the subject of this imperfect sketch. The usual phraseology of condolence is mockery to the hearts that knew her priceless worth, and that now, disconsolate and lonely, deplore her early fall. A shadow lies within that household, to be lifted nevermore. Her mission was fulfilled. Her life-task was well and nobly done. Her brief existence was one of sunshine and of joy. Yet she met life's duties earnestly, truly, and patiently, and in her short career, did more real, substantial good, conferred more of

happiness, and left behind a more enduring memory, than thousands whose days have reached life's utmost bounds.

Not alone in her family, however, is her loss deplored. From far and near, from intimate friends and from casual acquaintances, from camp and from closet, from teachers, pastors, classmates—letters of condolence have continued to flow in upon her stricken parents, filled with such expressions of admiration as would seem fulsome, in reference to any one whose perfections were less conspicuous than those of our departed Gussie. We have given, in the body of this narrative, extracts from several of these missives of sympathy. We subjoin brief tributes from several others. Her former pastor, Rev. A. M. Wynn, under whose ministry she was converted, writes: "It was always a treat and enjoyment indeed to visit you all. And brightest among that group was my lovely departed young friend. She always greeted me with such a sweet, innocent, and smiling face—with such a frank,

open, generous, and affectionate tenderness of manner, and seemed so much to love and respect me as her pastor and friend, that I could not help feeling a more than common interest in her, and attachment for her. And her early embracement of the Savior, her meek, humble, consistent, and joyous Christian life, enhanced my regard for her character ”

The Rev. John W. Rush, formerly Professor in the College in Tuskegee, in whose family Gussie spent an entire Collegiate year, writes to us in the following earnest and emphatic manner :—“ I never knew a more lovely character, and never expect to see her superior.”

From the letter of Rev. Arminius Wright, very recently in charge of the Church of which she was a member, we briefly quote : “ I could scarcely believe that Miss Gussie, young, amiable, and pure, was really no more. Well do I remember the last warm grasp of her generous hand, as she bade me good bye. Thank God ! her death is hallowed

by the assurance that she was a Christian—true-hearted, genuine, faithful.”

A letter before us, written to a friend of Mr. Young, by a gentleman connected with the army, at that time stationed near Jacksonville, Florida, incidentally alludes to Gussie's death in the following manner: “The Columbus “Sun,” of the 26th January, 1863, conveyed the melancholy news of the death of Miss Augusta Young. To say that deep gloom has pervaded my camp, when one so lovely and possessed of so many charms, has so suddenly been snatched away, is giving you but an imperfect idea of the sad and bereaved countenances of her many devoted admirers. But few young ladies possessed the faculty, natural to her, of winning the esteem of her acquaintances. She was perfection. She was angelic in all the virtues of her sex.”

From cherished friends, now sojourning in distant lands—friends who knew and loved her in the bloom of her early girlhood—we have like precious testimony to the rare love-

liness of her character. We have open before us a letter bearing date, "VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT, MARCH 31, 1863," in which one who often sat beside her infant bed, tenderly writes:

"You have lost a child whose birth I can so well remember. In my happiest days I held her in my arms, and watched her growth from infancy almost to womanhood. I know in all that time she never gave you trouble, but was always a pride and comfort to you."

Two other letters are in our hands from absent friends. They are written from the remote town of PAU, DEPARTMENT OF BEARN, at the base of the Pyrenees, in Southern France. Yet, after years of separation, despite the perils that surround her home, and the ocean that rolls between, the heart of friendship prompts a feeling tribute to her excellences.

"We knew," says one, "her pure, gentle, disinterested disposition, which invariably made such steadfast and loving friends. We

can but picture Heaven as made of such." The other writes: "I cannot express to you our deep sympathy with you. It seems as if the brightest and purest spirits are always taken first to their heavenly home—those that brighten this earth with their smiling presence. We looked forward to happy, companionable days with you and your departed child. I now feel, that while you have lost a daughter, I, too, am bereft of an invaluable friend."

So, also, the venerable and beloved Dr. Lovick Pierce, in seeking wisely to improve this grievous stroke of Providence to the spiritual good of the surviving relatives, mingles with his timely exhortations, words of sympathetic appreciation and tender condolence. He writes to Mr. Young: "I met sister Young—accidentally, as thoughtless minds would phrase it, but providentially, as I prefer to consider it—at the grave of your sweet Augusta, where we talked over the attractions of such loved ones, and mingled our fast fall-

ing tears together. * * * * * But the richest flower that can be strewed upon such a grave, is a mother's pure and spontaneous tribute of love, testifying to universal obedience and filial affection: 'never did she offend me.'"

We close the record with sadly solemn joy. It was a goodly life. It was a glorious death. Her departure was

"As the morning star, which goes not down
Behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured, among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the pure light of heaven."

"SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

